Bring oile to ſtir, ſnow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought like daies but following.
A plague vpon your Epelipticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
Ide ſend you cackling home to Camulet.

Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who hauing beene praiſd
For bluntneſſe, doth affect a ſaucie ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will take it ſo,
If not hee's plaine, theſe kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainneſſe harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What meanſt thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreate me to it.

Duke.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleaſd the King his maſter
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he coniunct and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behinde, being downe, inſulted, raild,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of man, that
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelfe ſubdued,
And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,
Drew on me heere againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges & cowards but *Aiax* is their foole.

Duke. Bring foorth the ſtockes ho?
You ſtubborne miſcreant knaue, you vnreuerent bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. I am too olde to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imploiments I was ſent to you,
You ſhould do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stopping his Meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch foorth the ſtockes; as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dog, you could not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeakes off, come, bring away the ſtockes.

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo,
His fault is much, and the good King his Maſter
Will checke him for't; your purpoſd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with,
The King muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his Meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her gentleman abuſed, aſſaulted

For